



## THE ARIZONA MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

T. J. BUTLER.

The first number of the WEEKLY MINER was issued on March 9, 1864, and in this, its twelfth year, it can, with truth, claim to be the oldest, largest and best newspaper in the Territory.

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## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there:  
 The children were all nestled snug in their beds,  
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
 And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
 I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
 The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
 Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;  
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
 And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:  
 "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer, now Prancer and Vixen!  
 On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!"  
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
 Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!  
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
 With the sleigh full of toys,—and St. Nicholas too.  
 And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
 A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,  
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
 His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
 He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
 He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf,  
 And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
 And away they all flew like the downy, white flake.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

## OUR TRIP TO THE HASSAYAMPA.

On Wednesday, two weeks ago, as already intimated, W. M. Buffum, Charles Pietz and the Editor of the MINER went out in Mr. Burnett's four-horse ambulance to the Crook mine and mill. The road from Prescott to the top of the hill this side the Senator mill is in splendid order and we made good time, the distance being about twelve miles. This hill requires grading, in fact, it is about all an ordinary team can do to take an empty vehicle either down or up, and as it is less than a half-mile in length and an excellent route for a grade already surveyed, it seems a pity that it is not done. Here we took it a-foot, and all being better muscled for climbing down hill than up had no difficulty in reaching the bottom in a very short space of time. It was on this hill, near an old shaft, now partly filled up, that William Denison was killed by Indians some years ago. Those who attended the last school exhibition will no doubt remember the beautiful pathetic poem, said to have been written by his mother, on the occasion of his death, and finely rendered by Miss Maggie Elie.

They were scraping the plates at the Senator mill when we arrived, as they are obliged to do daily on account of the large amount of sulphurates in the ore. Having given the yield, supply of ore, etc., last week, we will not repeat it here, but pass on to the George Washington mine, near the summit of the mountain that divides the East and West Hassayampa. This mine belongs to Col. Caney, who has out a quantity of ore which will be taken to the Crook mill for reduction. The Crocus comes next, and Col. Caney is having a lot of ore sacked here to be worked at the same place. We examined the open cut on the Crocus and found a well defined, three-foot ledge of very fair looking gold-bearing quartz.

Here the mountain became quite steep, and we relieved the team by walking up, and as the grade on the other side is a mile longer than the trail, we chose the latter and footed it to the Crook mill, which is about two miles from the summit, or three and a-half from the Senator. Arriving at the Crook we found Jim Harrington, the engineer, in charge, Ed Johnson, superintendent, being absent at the mine. They were about finishing up several days' run on custom ore belonging to Mr. Banning, after which they would work a lot for Curtin & Cushing, part of which is already in the yard and the balance being packed down the mountain from the original Crook discovery claim, on Timmons' burro train. Being hungry as so many wolves, we chose to wait for dinner rather than tackle the mountain. Mr. Pietz is an expert and gave us much valuable information about milling ores, but the roar of the battery prevented us from hearing a word of it, consequently the points gained were chiefly those which presented themselves to our vision. The engine is a stationary horizontal cylinder, with power enough to drive a mill of more than twice the capacity of this one. The battery has five stamps, which drop about seventy times a minute, and on the free gold ores of the Crook can get away with about a ton and

a-half to the stampery twenty-four hours. This mill having been employed exclusively on custom work of late we were unable to arrive at the exact yield either in tons of rock from the various mines or per ton of ore worked.

In conversation with Mr. Cushing, one of the owners of the Crook discovery, we learned that they had a lot of ore worked in the mill and were satisfied to try it again, from which we inferred that the yield was satisfactory. He also informed us that he had demonstrated the fact by experience that it would not pay to arrastra rock by horse-power and feed grain that costs eight cents per pound, unless the rock runs over \$50 per ton. Therefore all rock of a lower average than fifty dollars must be worked by mill process or thrown away.

On Thursday morning after breakfast Mr. Pietz and the writer climbed the mountain to the mine and examined the works. The mill is situated on the East Hassayampa far down in a cañon, and the mine is nearly on the top of a mountain a half mile distant, as nearly straight up above it as loose rocks and earth will lay. Here, with comparatively small expense, a chute could easily be constructed to deliver the ore within a short distance of the mill to where a splendid road can be made with very little labor. Tunneling facilities are also excellent. A tunnel one hundred feet long could be made that would strike the ledge two hundred feet from the surface provided it keeps the present dip to that depth.

Our first visit was to the Curtin & Cushing location, where we found the men busy taking out the ore which the mill is now engaged in crushing. This ore has paid steadily for years in arrastras, and the country knows what it is. The main point is to get enough of it and better means of transportation to the mill. We did not descend the shaft, although invited so to do by the gentleman in charge.

The next point of interest was Johnson & Co.'s claim, lying immediately north of Curtin & Cushing, on the same ledge; here we found two men getting out the surface ore that had been left behind in their former working.

The Crook is not a large ledge, but yields some very high-grade ore, and is very profitable to owners. We explored the tunnel which runs in on the ledge as well as we could without a light, and found a vein from one to three feet thick. By this time, the sun had climbed the zenith to an angle that cleared the tops of the mountains and admonished us that it was time to prepare for a start homeward. Again we found that great natural law, discovered by Newton and which brings all physical matter to the center, a great assistance in retracing our steps towards the bottom of the hill.

At 10 o'clock A. M. we were again in the ambulance and on our way home. The hill is a steep one, though very well graded, in rising out of the Hassayampa, but by slow and easy stages we finally gained the top and took a look at the wide range of hill, mountain and valley dimly visible from this elevated range. Mr. Buffum being more spry than the rest had again taken the trail, and we picked him up at Col. Caney's cabin where he had arrived nearly a quarter of an hour in advance of us. Proceeding down the mountain, the Senator mine and works stood up on our left and exhibited a healthy looking dump-pile, but for want of time we hurried on down and arrived at the mill just in time to find Messrs. Frederick and Judson with their men at dinner. Being pressed to participate of their hospitality we sat down and convinced Mrs. Gurnee that we appreciated her excellent cheer, even at the risk of being overladen on the trip up the hill, which had been a mutual terror to us all the way. In the meantime Mr. Burnett had gone along with the team, and we were forced to "eat and run" in order to overtake him on the summit. Those who have been over the route need not be told that it takes labor to climb this hill, and we realized it fully, but we made it after a time, and in two hours and a quarter thereafter landed in Prescott.

The drive from the top of the hill to town is delightful. We were constantly looking out for antiquarian ruins and natural curiosities, but only saw a number of pre-historic rocks and hills, the date of whose origin to traveler has ever fixed. Here Mr. Pietz became practical and mourned over the vast waste of fallen timber, all of which, according to his economical theory, ought to be burned into charcoal. Mr. Buffum rode out with the driver and we were not favored with his views either as to the ancient history of the country or the present use to which all this surplus timber should be put. Thanking those whom we met on the trip, all of whom were kind to us, we "gave you a rest."

From Tucson.—The firm of E. D. Wood & Bro. at Tucson which made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors, the Citizen says, is hopeful of being able to pay dollar for dollar.

E. N. Fish & Co. received 6000 pounds of bullion from the Patagonia. Jacobs & Co. bought \$600 worth of dust and Zeckendorf Bros. got a five ounce nugget from the placers.

Neugass spread himself on the supper given by Tom Ewing at his house.

The Indians of Central America have massacred fifty-eight rubber gatherers. Their necks should stretch for that.

## INDIAN MATTERS.

Extract from Gen. Kautz's Annual Report for the Year ending August 31, 1875.

Whilst I consider that I have nothing to do with Indians in time of peace, and that their care and management pertains by law to another Department of the Government, they have, until recently, been to a certain extent under military supervision, and the fact that any dissatisfaction on the part of Indians affects the administration of military affairs, renders it necessary for me to make some comments under this head that would otherwise not be included in this report.

The Indians have all been turned over to the Indian Department, and at present there is no military control exercised over any of the bands or tribes in this Department. With this change there has also been inaugurated a very decided change of policy that has caused the Indians to renege on their military obligations against it. It is very difficult to make the Indians understand that in time of peace the military command has no control over the Indians.

They have seen and felt the power of the military commander during the term of my predecessor (General Crook). He forced the hostiles upon Reservations, and taught them the advantages of peace and discipline. They were placed on reservations to their liking, and extensive improvements were begun, and they were rapidly learning to be self-supporting when a change of policy was inaugurated, growing out of their transfer to the control of the Indian Department, which has ordered the concentration of Indians on Reservations with a view to reduce the number of Agencies. This movement might be very much in the interest of the Indians as a few years hence, when they have become more civilized, and have learned to labor and have overcome their former animosities and prejudice against each other, and have learned to appreciate the strength of the whites by the increase of population that will result by a few years of peace to the Territory.

In February last, Special Commissioner Dudley of the Indian Department arrived and proceeded to remove the Indians from the Verde Reservation to San Carlos. The Verde Reservation already contained a number of different tribes which were more or less unfriendly to each other, and whilst their removal may have been agreeable to some, it was not so to others. They were to a certain extent under military supervision, and had made considerable progress towards supporting themselves, and very extensive improvements, and probably would have raised increased crops this year. They were, however, removed, and have not been able to do much for themselves this year in consequence. In a late communication from the Interior Department to the War Department, a copy of which has recently been furnished this office, there occurs this sentence in a communication of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs: "I believe now no one in the Territory questions the wisdom of the removal of the Verde Indians." So far as my observation goes, I have seen no one who endorses it except those connected with the Indian Department. It is claimed as a great success, but it is a matter of too recent occurrence to be classed as such. The Indians were reluctant to move and much apprehension was felt about it in this section. They submitted, however, to the surprise of everyone, and mainly I think because the impression was made upon them either directly or indirectly that the troops would be used to compel them, and that they did go without resistance simply shows how completely they have been subdued by the troops.

That it is premature to claim this removal as a decided success, it is only necessary to review the history of the removal of the Hualapai Indians. It will be remembered that these Indians were forced to go to the Colorado Reservation against the recommendation and advice of General Crook, by the troops. They went, but made conditions that they should be separated from the Mohave Indians, and should have Captain Byrne, with his company, stationed with them to protect them and supervise the issue of rations to them. This was an objectionable feature to the Indian Agent in charge; but they were nevertheless located on the Southern boundary of the reservation at La Paz, and remained there little over a year under special arrangements made between General Crook and the Agent. On the day that General Crook left these Headquarters I received a communication from the Commanding Officer at La Paz informing me that the issues had been discontinued by the Agent at that point, and that the Indians had been informed that they must come to the Agency, forty miles above for their rations; that the Indians had gone, and that the troops were no longer needed at La Paz. This movement was a violation of a verbal agreement between General Crook, the Agent and the Indians.

On the 21st of April I received a dispatch from Indian Agent Tonner, of the Colorado Reservation, informing me that the Hualapai Indians had left their Reservation and gone in the direction of Beale's Springs, their old home, and requesting that I send cavalry in pursuit. Owing to the movements of the Fifth Cavalry, it was not convenient to pursue them, even had I thought such a course advisable. Soon after Agent Tonner arrived in person, and upon a consultation with him I learned that the Indians had left in a peaceable manner, had disclaimed any hostile intentions, and that they were accessible to communication by the Indian Department without danger. I suggested that a display of troops would drive the Indians to their strongholds, and perhaps would endanger the lives of the inhabitants that were mining, or had settled in the Hualapai country, and that his best plan was to interview them and ascertain their wishes, and represent the case to his Department. This was agreed to, and he withdrew his application for troops. The matter was fully reported through the regular channels to the War Department.

The Hualapai have remained friendly, although many miners and settlers are occupying their country, with whom they are in daily contact. I do not apprehend that this will last, and suggest that some portion of their own country on its northern boundary, remote from the settled portions, be set aside for them as their reservation. In anticipation of a collision, I caused a new company of Indian scouts, in lieu of the Verde scouts discharged, to be organized, and they are now held at Camp Verde, in case difficulty should occur.

Shortly after, I received a communication from Governor Safford, from the Hualpai's

country, who saw the Indians and ascertained from them their wishes and disposition. This letter has been communicated to the War Department. Recently I had a visit from Se-Rum, one of their principal chiefs, who came to assure me of his peaceful disposition, and to ask to be permitted to remain in his own country. I told him he must see Dr. Tonner, the Agent, and arrange with him—that I had nothing to do with Indians, unless they committed depredations. He desired to know whether he was to go back to the Colorado Reservation, but I could give him no information on that score. I asked him why his people had left. He stated that his people could not live there; that it was very hot; the water was bad, and his people sickened and died; that there was no grass, and their horses had nearly all perished; that whilst they were permitted to remain at La Paz Captain Byrne saw that they got their rations, but when they went up to the Agency they did not get enough to eat, and instead of getting twenty-four beavers per week, his people only got seven. How true these complaints may be, I have no means of ascertaining. He told me, however, that his people would rather die than go back there. There is a widely extended belief among the people of the Territory that those Indians were not properly fed.

With regard to the removal of the White Mountain Indians to the San Carlos, the case is taking a very similar form. The White Mountain Indians were, until recently, under military control, although there has been an Agent there for them, but the counts were made by the Commanding Officer, and orders for the discipline and management of the Indians emanated from him. They had planted extensively—more than ever before—and were doing exceedingly well, when Agent Cline arrived, and informed the Commanding Officer of it several days afterward. Also, that the management and control of the Indians, and all affairs connected with them, while they remained at peace, was vested in him as Agent. Having performed this duty, he left the Agency in charge of L. C. Jenkins, and proceeded to Washington. When he returned to the Agency again he had an order from the Interior Department to move the White Mountain Indians to San Carlos Reservation. The absence of the Agent, and the rumors in relation to his absence—that it was for the purpose of obtaining the removal of the White Mountain Apaches—caused much apprehension among the Indians, and when it was announced to them the great majority refused positively to go, but finally something less than half of those pertaining to the Agency were induced to move. Questionable influences were used to induce the Indians to remove, particularly the burning of the Agency buildings, and the statement to the Indians that the troops would be used to compel them to move.

Even had the Indians desired and inaugurated this movement, I should question the wisdom of it. The White Mountain Indians proper have been born and bred in the mountains—the valley of the Gila is much lower and hotter, and the locality of old Camp Goodwin proved unhealthy, and was abandoned on that account. The present location will adjoin the new and growing settlement called Pueblo Viejo, on the Gila above, whilst the White Mountains are too remote to be in demand by settlers. Two or three bands that formerly affiliated with Cochise's Indians may have favored the move, but at a recent interview with Esquiyaw, or Diablo, he stated that many who went were opposed to going, and drew a pitiful picture of the sorrow and distress felt by the Indians in consequence of their removal. He begged me to represent the case to Washington, and ask that they might be permitted to remain in their own country. His and Pitone's bands—two of the largest—with one other, have positively refused to go. He claimed that they had aided the whites to preserve peace, and had pursued and hunted their own people as well as those of other